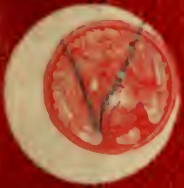
PS
535
.V3

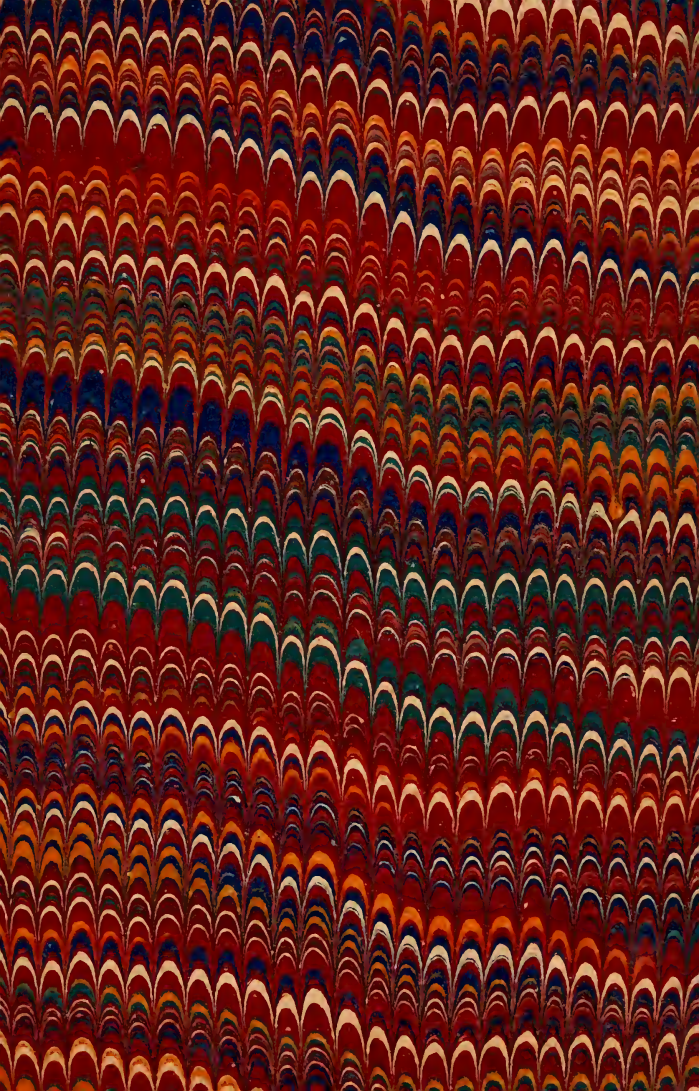


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS535

Shelf .V3

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



VARIEGATED LEAVES

A Book of Prose and Verse

WRITTEN IN AID OF

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

BY

FRIENDS OF THE INSTITUTION

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
CITY OF WASHINGTON

BOSTON
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON
1873

PS535
.V3

PREFACE.

THIS little volume is offered by friends of the Institution, in the hope that it may quicken the sympathies and awaken the interest of those who love the younger members of society, in the welfare of THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

The objects of the Hospital must commend themselves to every one, — the medical and surgical care of sick children; the study of the diseases of infancy and childhood; and the instruction of young women in the nursing of sick children. An institution having such foundations must certainly possess the confidence, as it should receive the support, of a benevolent community.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, 1429 Washington Street,
BOSTON, November 21, 1873.

CONTENTS.

NATURE AND HISTORY IN EUROPE *E. H. Chapin.* 9

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON BOTHERSOME PEOPLE . . . . *J. T. Fields.* . 19

IN MEMORIAM 35

THE GIFTS OF CHILDREN. . . . *S. Osgood.* . . . 41

IN EARLY AUTUMN . . . . . *A. F.* 45

BANE AND ANTIDOTE . . . . . *E. E. Hale.* . . 49

THE HOLY CHILD . . . . . *R. Collyer.* . . 57

"BABY TROLL" . . . . . *H. P. C.* . . . 67

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER . . . *E. P. Whipple.* 71

NATURE AND HISTORY IN EUROPE.

By E. H. Chapin.

NATURE AND HISTORY IN EUROPE.

IN Europe, Nature is inextricably associated with History. Almost every rood and acre, every stream and hill, has assumed a *human* interest. It preserves the memory of some achievement that has worked into the destinies of man. The decayed castles which constitute such a peculiar feature in European scenery, and which rise before us upon so many lonely hills, especially combine this double interest of nature and humanity. One can hardly look at them without thinking of the form of society which they once represented, and the powerful influences which have proceeded from those walls. And even when stripped of all the fancies of legend, we may think also how much has transpired within those walls of the deepest human interest, — the joys and sorrows, and sins and shames. But now, as they are slowly crumbling down and growing indistinguishable

from the soil on which they stand, nature interferes, and never appears more suggestive in its loveliness than when it weaves its garlands among the ruins, and sets its brightest flowers against the cold, gray stones, as it were in gentle sympathy with all that vanished life, and to assure us that in this world of passion and of change there is that which is greater than both nature and humanity, — a love that is ever tender, and a spirit that is ever young.

The natural scenery of Europe has been so transmuted into historical expression, that it much resembles one of its own grand cathedrals, emblazoned with heraldries, carved into achievements, every niche occupied by some effigy of hero or saint or martyr, while at almost every step your feet press upon some memorable grave. Concerning a large portion of it we may say what has been said of Italy, " The memory sees more than the eye." The historical associations overpower the landscape. We value an actual sight of the physiognomy of cities, chiefly because thus we are personally introduced to the transactions for which they are so famous. The country around Frankfort is charming. The old imperial city sits with unpretending dignity in the midst of the pleasant Rhine-land

which beyond swells into the beautiful outline of the Taunus hills. It is a city teeming with modern enterprise, — quite American in many of its aspects. But through all its busy streets and bustling squares quivers the golden light of fame and story. One steps from the house in which Goethe was born to the house in which Luther lived. And "the eye of memory" sees those ancient gables, that old cathedral, and the Eschenheimer tower looking down upon far other scenes than these, and lets the crowd part right and left, while through the quaint and narrow streets moves the procession of the German kings.

Of course, these instances of the subtle transmutation of nature into humanity culminate at the highest points of historical interest. Entering Rome is like going into St. Peter's. At first, the majesty of the whole absorbs all other impressions; and it is only after a time that the mind begins to grasp the multitude and grandeur of the details. By a similar law, attention is withheld from the situation. Passing between the files of tombs, from the arch of Drusus along the Appian Way, that stand like lictors before the imperial majesty of Rome, — going from the columns of the Forum to the walls of

the Coliseum, through the very heart of the ancient city, where at every step the mighty past flows around you and lifts you up, — the historical interest so overtops the natural, that it is only accidentally as it were, and by surprise, that one becomes acquainted with the rare beauty of the surrounding country. Riding down from Tivoli, and looking through the distance at the Capitol, with its ruins heaved like a wreck against the setting sun, or from some eminence that commands a full view of the Alban and Sabine hills, one discovers how becomingly that mountain horizon, the remotely gleaming sea, and that solitary but *not* "desolate" Campagna, form the unique frame of a city whose arteries run through all the nations, and yet which stands apart from all in its sublime peculiarity.

The spot where the free word was spoken, or where the free heart bled, be it the most rugged and barren of all the land, because of this wears a beauty that is immortal. Whether the story of William Tell be a legend or a fact, it is this spirit that lends a deeper grandeur to the mountain shadows, and consecrates with the ideals of a nation the shores of Lake Lucerne. On a lonely spot in Switzerland I stood by

the stone that marks where Zwingli fell; and there still echoed the last words which he spoke on the disastrous day of Cappel, "They can kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul." Looking at the stained glass in the windows of the great cathedral of Antwerp, still this suggestion stole in, and I thought of the more precious crimson that for the people's cause had stained the streets below. In Germany, I rode by fields that have often been furrowed by cannon-shot, and thickly planted with the seeds of war. But then, in the beautiful spring light, they lay all quietly, set with the promise of budding trees, and covered with young clover. And out of such contrasts arose the truth that neither with men nor with communities are the elements of growth upon the surface: the Divine chemistry works in the subsoil. Those peaceful fields were witnesses, not to undisturbed repose, but to life developed through agitation. Not when a nation extends in length and breadth, and runs over the top of the ground with material enterprises and luxuriant success, but when it grows in depth, and is driven to feel its very *roots*, then is that nation prospering.

And yet, again, out of this intimate connection of nature with history, there rises a sug-

gestion bearing upon the great problem of man upon the earth. We grow weary of this problem; we are appalled by it. A single life in the bulk of existence is so insignificant, — so many blossoms falling fruitless to the ground! generations forming and dissolving like ripples on the stream of Time. And when individual lives must be surrendered for an ideal, and the present spends its energies for a postponed result, we ask, "Why should the hero die, and an entire generation smart for something that is to be when the individual is dust, and the generation has vanished?" I do not find any answer to this question in the aspects of nature alone. Through all this grief and loss it stands silent and unimpassioned. But all over Europe there are certain works which Faith has prompted, which Genius has conceived, which Patience has accomplished, and which indicate that the solution of the world's problem runs outside nature, and is to be found not in any segment of history, but only in the whole of the world's plan.

I hardly know, in all Europe, of a prospect more sublime and wonderful than that which is seen from the roof of the cathedral of Milan. Looking towards the north and east, far across the plain of Lombardy, the view is bounded by

the white walls of the Alps, crowned by Monte Rosa glowing with the sunlight. At least, I remember no prospect where the contrast seems more direct between the achievements of man and the aspects of the material world. There are the impregnable bastions, the unsurrendered fortresses of nature. Cold and unmoved they have stood there, taking the morning shadows and the evening glory, while armies and nations have withered at their feet. But there, too, is that pile of magnificent architecture which man has worked at from age to age, in deposits of humble faithfulness, in forms of inspired art, — one generation after another receiving and transmitting the sacred and yet unfinished task, — until, at length, it has risen, an Alps of marble fronting the Alps of rock and snow. So man labors and achieves. Apprehending something that is above nature, individuals and generations find their home in the wide hospitality of a higher world. But their work remains. The edifice of the world's plan, which God designs, which man helps build, which ages transmit, but which is never completed, slowly rises, like the marble music of the grand cathedral of Milan, a symbol of aspiring Faith, and an anthem of Divine Praise.

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON BOTHERSOME PEOPLE.

By J. T. Fields.

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON BOTHERSOME PEOPLE.

MASTER SLOWWORM, the grammarian, on glancing at the title of this paper, will affirm, without contradiction, that the word *bothersome* cannot be found in the dictionary. I retort on our verbal patriarch the equally truthful remark that neither does the word *enthusiasm* exist in Shakspeare! And just there I leave Master Slowworm's objection.

There are loose superfluous mortals who seem to have come into the world on a special mission to break the Ten Commandments; and they would do it all at one blow, if possible. But I do not reckon them among the bothersome people of our planet. The law kindly looks after those who thus meddle wickedly with certain portions of the Decalogue, and deals justly with them all. But the *botherers* in life escape unpunished, and go to their graves

unbranded with infamy. Their tombstones are often, nay, commonly, placed in the most respectable corners of the graveyard; and I have found, not infrequently, the word *virtue* engraven on their marbles. *Annoyances*, not *sins*, have been their offences against man, woman, and children-kind; and it was in little things they performed their abominations, while sojourning above ground.

In yonder breezy mound sleeps all that was mortal of Mr. Benjamin Borax. The inscription above his bones does not record *all* his worldly accomplishments. He had one trait which the stone-cutter has omitted; and I refer to it, in passing, simply in justice to B. B.'s remains. Having had his acquaintance forty long and tedious years, I am qualified to speak feelingly of the man; and I do it without a particle of malice, or exultation at his removal from my "list of friends." But I *will* say that, while he was living, after an experience elongated through the period I have mentioned, death had no longer any terrors for the members of my immediate family or myself. B. B. never meant to "hurt anybody's feelings." "He wouldn't kill a fly" might have been chiselled with the rest of his churchyard eulogy.

But he *bothered* all who knew him to the very verge of unforgiveness. When he entered your house, fear fell upon all its inmates; for his want of tact and courtesy, his utter oblivion to those small decencies which make social life sweet and commendable, often rendered his presence, not to speak it profanely, little short of infernal. Bearing about an incapacity for happiness on his countenance, he would come unsmiling and unbidden into your nursery, and frighten, by the very *awkwardness in his face*, the small occupants almost into idiocy. Not knowing how to *approach the infant sense*, he bothered the little ones by his miscalculations at direful pleasantry with them. Dickens mentions a horrid propensity which some people have of rumpling the hair of small boys, as if they were little dogs that ought to be rubbed up somewhere. No sooner does a sleek little fellow enter the room, with his hair "all in order for company," than up starts some great stupid visitor to begin a friendship with the lad by *wobbling* up his carefully brushed locks into a tangled mop of uncomeliness. Such a bothersome old towzer was B. B.; and I confess it was not without a secret satisfaction that I once saw little Peter F. administer him a sturdy kick

on his unprotected ankles during the very act of mangling up the urchin's pretty golden curls. When I called Peter to account next morning for this belligerent outbreak of temper, he said, with considerable emphasis, that he 'd "do it again, if Mr. Borax *meddled* with him." Meddled with *him!* (P. F. at that time was aged six, and went to bed habitually, without a murmur, at eight o'clock!)

Children hate to be bothered with *questions*, both in and out of school; and yet how we bore them with catechismal demands, almost in their very cradles. As soon as they are old enough to stammer out a reply, we arraign their little wits, and seek to make them respond to such foolish whimsies as, "How old was Methuselah?" "Who discovered America?" "What do two and two make?" and the like. Nervous little Bob R. was nearly frightened to death one day, when bungling old Parson Pew, in his hard, unsmiling way, with a voice like thunder, asked him suddenly, "Who made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh?" "*I* did!" screamed the child, bursting into tears, "*but — I 'll — never — do so — any more!*" Poor Bob was bothered into assuming to himself the formation of the Universe, and told a

sinless lie in order to blurt out a promise of future good conduct.

Emerson, in one of his wise, characteristic sentences, says we sometimes meet a person who, if good manners had not existed, would have invented them. I know a cumberer of my neighborhood who would have originated bothersome bad ones, if the article had not previously been contrived. He brings his total wealth of infelicities with him wherever he goes. When he enters your dwelling, mental chaos begins. He is anxious and peppery, albeit he is uncertain, even to the very Anno Domini in which he is at present breathing and fuming. He looks encyclopædias, but he utters himself in primers. He is a perfect master of *Misinformation.* His mind could be dispensed with, like a decayed turnip, or an out-of-date oyster; and he forgets an event before he knows it. Gravity and lassitude would better become his lack-brain-itudenarian habit; but he chooses to be conversational and informative. He never keeps an appointment. Every thing "slips his mind." He carries two watches, but he never knows the time of day; nor (I am bound to say it) of night, either. Once seated at your winter fireside, he "outwatches the bear." He begins

a story as the clock strikes twelve, and when the coal is declining to burn any longer. It is near one when the uneasy shadow departs, volunteering, as he goes, the unsolicited remark that he is "sure to come again next week, when he hopes to find me in better spirits."

I was charmed with J. W.'s experience with a ponderous country neighbor of his not long ago, who *would* "drop in" just as the family were all pointing bedward, and then bother them for an hour or two with puffy accounts of his ailments. J. W. keeps a parrot, — one of the most sapient of birds, — and he lets the chattering, companionable creature walk about the room, strutting, with habitual self-importance, here and there as pretentious fancy dictates. One night W.'s unprepossessing neighbor settled himself, about nine o'clock, in front of the crackling logs, and began his usual hypochondriac recital. The *séance* threatened to be prolonged into midnight. Obadiah's droning voice went sounding on its "dim and perilous way;" and now and then one of the female members of the family glided noiselessly out of the room, unnoticed by the dreary visitor. J. W. felt the need of all his Christian fortitude, and was making up his mind for a sitting never equalled on a similar

occasion in length, when the parrot, spying around Obadiah's legs, discovered a bare spot lying between the hitched-up trowsers and the adjacent stocking. Working his way cautiously under the chair, while the narrator was deeply engaged in dull discourse, the bird suddenly pounced upon the uncovered limb, and adroitly nipped out a piece about the size of a small blister. The pain caused Obadiah to spring into the air; and, seizing his hat, he left the house, vowing vengeance on the "pesky parrot." And to this day he declares he will never enter J. W.'s mansion again, "so long as that tarnal bird is round."

There is a kind of long-drawn bothersome visitor, who has a habit of disappointing his host and hostess by constantly making little feints of going away, but never quite accomplishing it. Now he raises himself slowly from his chair, and your cheated spirits rise with him! He is about to say "good-night," you think. He is preparing to depart! His figure is partly out of the seat in which he has been for two hours planted! He seems fairly under way! One manly effort more, and you are free! Vain hope! it is only to settle himself more firmly that he stretches up, for a moment,

his awful form. Down he sinks again, and you are booked for another hour of "dire disaster and supine defeat"! O ye moths of precious moments! affable wolves of time! who eat up our very seed-brain, and give us nothing in return but unprofitable husks and chaff! What golden hours ye have remorselessly destroyed, feeding upon those priceless, hoarded evenings that never can be restored, — nights that seemed made for study and "the mind's most apt endeavor"!

The Emperor Julius Cæsar, on one occasion, proved himself a most bothersome social visitor. I read lately one of Cicero's letters to his friend Atticus, describing a visit which the august Julius had been making at his villa; and the epistle gives a most ludicrous account of the Emperor's "dropping in" upon him. It seems that the world's imperial master had sent word to Cicero that he would soon be along his way, and would give him a call. The silver-tongued orator was only too delighted at the promised honor, and immediately hurried off a messenger to say, "Come, by all means; happy to see you any time; and you must spend several days with me." On the morning of the bald-headed warrior's expected arrival, we may

judge of Cicero's astonishment and alarm, when a courier arrived with the intelligence that Julius was comfortably on his way to the villa, but that he was attended by a *thousand men*, who must also be "put up," as we would say now-a-days; that is, handsomely fed and sheltered during the Emperor's little visit. Cicero's accommodations were not extensive, and his dismay corresponded in inverse ratio to the smallness of his quarters. Not anticipating any such addition to his limited hospitalities, he was obliged to send out at once, all over the neighborhood, for tents and provender; and, borrowing here and there, he managed to make a fair appearance when the great Julius and all his host came riding up. But writing about the affair to Atticus, after the party had gone on, and tranquillity had been restored to his house, he says, "The Emperor was very pleasant, and all that, but, under the circumstances, he is not a man to whom I should ever say again, 'When you are passing this way another time, sir, drop in and give us a call.'"

But how various the employment of your professionally "bothersome people"! Kind-hearted B. C. told me he had been bothered for years by a *reforming* inebriate, who made his

acquaintance in this wise. B. is an old-fashioned clergyman, who allows himself to be at everybody's call; and, seated one Saturday morning busily "touching up" his sermon for the next day, Susan (his Irish footman, as he calls her) knocked at the study door (B. C. always writes in an apartment up five pairs of stairs), and informed the good *padre* that "a gintleman warnted to see his Riverence down in the lower intry." Now it is a matter of several minutes, and much expenditure of leg-power, to descend those multitudinous flights which lead into the hall below; but down goes B., with his ever-smiling, ready courtesy, to meet the *gintleman* who had so kindly called upon him. B. says a suggestive odor, not at all aqueous, but compounded of various cheap and vile liquors, saluted his nostrils as he approached the vicinity of his unknown caller; and that when he got fairly into the hall he was aware of a presence he had never encountered before. The figure raised its head with difficulty, and thus delivered itself somewhat ostentatiously: "I am a reformed inebriate, Doctor, and, having taken the oath, would humbly beg your Riverence to lend me five dollars to help keep the pledge." B. C. affirms that he could not at the

moment determine exactly how that precise amount in currency was to help the poor man in the object named, but that he thought it best to "accommodate his caller to the desired sum." Dismissing the whilom inebriate with such counsel as his wise heart can always command, B. went upstairs again to his dutiful task. A week went by, and that morning call had well-nigh vanished from his recollection, when Susan again appeared as heretofore and announced a second visit to the doctor from his unknown friend. Down went the good man in his slippers, anticipating an announcement from the poor creature that success had followed his efforts to keep sober, and that he had come to express his gratitude. As B. was going down the last pair of stairs, the man holding firmly on to the baluster below looked up confidingly and said, "Doctor, I 've *fallen again*, and have come for five more!" "I expostulated with him," said the doctor, in relating the incident to me, "but he would not retire until I had repeated the loan, and now he is constantly *falling*, and spends half his time in my front entry, bothering me for continued fives to enable him to stand up against temptation."

There is a French proverb which declares that nothing is certain to happen but the *unforeseen;* and some bothersome people are constantly illustrating the truth of this Gallic *mot.* G. T., from his youth up, has been a constant exemplification of it. His watchful parents placed iron bars across his nursery windows, but he elected to fall down the backstairs twice during his nonage, and on both occasions damaged his slender chances for being reckoned a "pretty fellow." All his life long, instead of hitting straight forward, he has bothered his agonized associates by striking out side-ways without warning, and thus getting worsted in every contest. One can never be sure of him to this day (he is past seventy and alarmingly vigorous), and he bothers his best friends by unexpected infelicities of thought and action to that degree that they sometimes breathe the pious wish that he were an aged angel flying somewhere else. To enumerate *his* unlimited feats in the art of botheration would require the pen of a ready writer.

If G. T. always *does* the wrong thing, his kinsman L. as incontinently *says* the wrong one, and bothers people in that way. After reading and delighting in that wonderful ro-

mance, "The Marble Faun," on being introduced to the distinguished author, L. asked him if "he had ever *been in Italy*." And it is related that he innocently inquired of Mrs. Stowe one day "if she had looked much into the subject of slavery"! "Do you take sugar in your coffee, Mr. L.?" asked that careful, almost too immaculate, housekeeper, the hospitable lady of Joy Cottage, as she handed him a cup of her aromatic beverage. "Never when the coffee is good," replied L., bowing his homage to our admirable hostess. A few moments afterwards we heard his loud explosive voice calling after Tom, the servant, to "*pass the sugar*"! Now there is nothing positively *bad* about L.: on the contrary, there is much that is positively *good* in him. At the first tap of the drum he ran off to the war, and among its battle-records there are no pages more fearless than his. Out of his modest income he supports one or more indigent lads (sons of his dead comrades) at the University. He is generous without fault; but he is tranquilly *bothersome* in the way I have indicated to the very margin of patient endurance. He is a saint in morals, but a desperate offender in manners.

My old acquaintance W. H. says the people

who bother him most are those human *Curiosity* terriers who watch all your sayings and doings, and never let you stir without following you up everywhere with this keen scent. They wish to know "all about you." They seem always on a cheerful tour of investigation among other people's faults or foibles. Their constant cry is "Lo here!" or "Lo there!" They study "to find out your *motives*" even. They desire to be informed (for their own satisfaction) what *actuated* you to move thus or thus. Tristram Shandy called this class of botherers "Motive Mongers," and accuses his own father of being one of them. Tristram averred that the old gentleman was a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying, for he generally knew your *motive* for doing both "much better than you knew it yourself." Silas W. carried this searching demand of reasons for conduct to such a length that I once heard him express a decided aversion to Moses, "for," said he, "I never could exactly fathom that man's motives!"

Among the smaller brood of bothersome people, my cousin G. reckons those dense-witted, circumstantial souls who *will* interrupt your best story with a doubt or a denial of its

verity. They live in an atmosphere of imperfect sympathies, and goad you to blasphemy almost by their stolid unreceptivity. The man who robs your anecdote of its prosperity by an ill-timed arrest of its recital, says G., would bury his own father before the remains are decently ready for sepulture.

I had written thus far in these "Hints towards an Essay" when a restless neighbor of mine called to bear me away, over a hot road, to view a bloated boulder he had discovered, miles off, on one of his peregrinations. This kind, mistaken soul constantly bothers me by insisting on "*showing me things*" I do not desire to see. *His* mania is that of an *Indicator*. Some "prospect," some famous kitchen-garden, somebody's pig or poultry, any thing big enough "to show," transports him into a fever of *exhibition*, and you never meet him but he burns to take you somewhere to see something, until you long to bequeath him as a constant resident to the next county.

But the length of this article is, I perceive, already a glaring illustration of my subject, and unwittingly I become one of the "*Bothersome People*" I attempt to describe!

IN MEMORIAM.

WERT thou wearied with the labor,
With the fretfulness and strife,
Wearied with the noontide scorching,
And the busy whirl of life?

Was thy gentle, lowly spirit
Vexéd with the ceaseless din,
With the voices of contention,
With the sorrow and the sin?

Didst thou droop beneath the burden,
Meekly won and meekly borne,
But perchance too rudely pressing,
And perchance too duly worn?

On the wave, so gently rocking,
On the tide, with ebb and flow,—
'Mid the sparkling foam of ocean,
With its murmurs soft and low;—

As a memorial of Miss T., who, from the first year of the Hospital, proved herself a gentle and faithful friend to the little patients. She was drowned, while bathing at the sea-shóre, on the 24th of August, 1873, the day before her intended return to her home.

Such the couch that wooed the wearied,
To repose thee for a while,
Basking in the summer glory,
Gazing on the summer's smile ;

Floating on and calmly dreaming
Of a rest that ne'er should cease,
Of a haven whose blue waters
Rock the soul in changeless peace.

Whilst the sun-bathed, snowy pinions
Of the sea-birds, in their flight,
Gleamed like coming wings of angels,
Glistening with celestial light.

Once more look upon the beauty
Of that scene, so sweet and fair
That man might ever gaze, and wonder
How so much of heaven came there.

Then the cradling wave hath rocked thee
To a slumber deep and still ;
To a rest that knows no waking
In this world of care and ill.

And, indeed, we would not wake thee,
Though our hearts are sad and sore ;
For thine eyes have opened, wondering,
On a longed-for brighter shore.

While the wave's soft murmurs blended
In the strain of music, sweet,
Wafted from the crystal waters
Where the choirs of angels meet.

No pale mourners round thy death-bed,
No sad parting and no tears,
Racking pain, nor weary turning,
Torturing doubt, nor darkening fears.

Meekly didst thou bear life's burden
Through the changing night and day,
Shrinking from the noise and tumult,
And the busy, thronged highway.

Meet it was thus, still and calmly,
Thou shouldst float into thy rest,
And bright angel pilots guide thee
To the harbor of the blest.

THE GIFTS OF CHILDREN.

By Samuel Osgood.

THE GIFTS OF CHILDREN.

I ANSWER gladly to the request to add a word of mine for your little book of love offerings. I remember well my visit to The Children's Hospital last winter, and what sunshine gleamed upon their faces when their kind attendants came in sight to care for them. If there was a cloud of pain or grief anywhere, it was sure to pass away or else to lift up on its bosom the bow of hope and promise. I was glad to see so wise and kindly a provision for the taste and fancy and spirits of the children, as well as for their health and comfort. Flowers, pictures, and other pleasant and suggestive objects about the rooms of the hospital, beguiled many a weary hour, and brought the glee of the playground, the green of the meadow, the shade of trees, and the sparkle of waters to these little ones who had not strength to ramble abroad among their more robust companions.

We thus recognize a vital principle that is too often forgotten in the care of little children. Because their rational powers are not developed, and they do not know many things, nor reason logically, we are apt to think that they have little of any reason. But the truth is, that they have the faculty of reason in the bud, or in the child's stage of expression; and that, as the rose or the lily in its bud feels the rain and the sunshine in all their mysterious power, so the child's mind is acted upon by whatever is good and true and beautiful before the reasoning faculties are so fully open as to comprehend their nature or to analyze their functions. The consequence is, that whatever is most perfect in nature and art, in human examples or in religious expression, should be set before children; and they should be encouraged to feel and enjoy the excellence which they cannot fully as yet understand. They are comparatively dull indeed in learning written words; but they are very quick in taking in the living voice. They are troubled by set rules and abstract definitions; but they rejoice in real objects of nature, in actual persons and visible life, so that there is no limit to what a little child may learn and love when brought up in

the true life school. This is the secret of the Kindergarten; and there can be no reasonable doubt that a new age of light and joy is coming to our children from its influence.

Children can in this way receive the best gifts; and so too they can give them. They can express the best affections and virtues; they can be ministering spirits of truth and love; they can be helpers in a thousand ways at home and at school and church. Without any studied artifice they can have the divine art that follows the inspiration of love, and wins from the Holy Spirit the most excellent of graces. I have had a little playmate and prattler of four years old with me here in the woods this summer; and he has made a school of knowledge and delight wherever he rambled. He interpreted every tree and flower, stream and rock, bird and beast anew in his sprightly way, and was never content until he had made over something of his overflowing glee to his bearded companion, who saw his own darling daughter's features in this child's face. He has gone now to his city home; and his grandfather sends this little offering to your book for the Fair in his name and love.

IN EARLY AUTUMN.

By A. F.

BEAUTY of the autumn morn,
Comfort of the earth forlorn!
Grace of summer days is dead,
Thou dost wear a grace instead.

Moving of the restless ocean,
Breath of life is in thy motion!
Yellow shimmer of birch leaves
Dancing when the south wind grieves.

Air is full of hurrying sound,
Seed is hastening to the ground,
Hours speed onward to the night,
Early shines the pale moonlight.

Spirits who have autumns known,
Whither, now, oh, whither flown!
Dews have fallen on your beds,
Blossoms round your sleeping heads.

Hurry, hurry, autumn hours!
Put to sleep these radiant flowers!
Ye do promise me new Spring,
Where undying bards shall sing.

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

By E. E. Hale.

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

CHAPTER I.

IT is said that Mr. George Prendergast slipped on the ice, in walking. A young lady who saw him laughed fiendishly. The gentleman rose and said, "I am glad you were pleased, madam," with a sad smile; and, touching his hat gracefully, he limped slowly away.

Now the young lady whom he addressed had not a hard heart; and, on reflection, she perceived with dismay that in her laughter she had unnecessarily wounded the feelings of a human being who, for aught she knew, might have as delicate susceptibilities as her own. Nay, did not that sad smile with which he spoke as he parted, and the grave gesture of his farewell salute, show that this was so? "Who am I?" she said to herself, sighing, "that I should laugh like a fiend, say, rather like a hyena, at

the sufferings of a fellow-being?" Pensive, she went home, and at once fell ill.

[An interval of two years and five months.]

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER II.

We left the penitent Miss Buchu — such was the name of the girl who laughed so fiendishly — at the moment when she fell ill of shame and remorse. These struck in. She died. Before her death, Mr. George Prendergast wrote to forgive her. But it was too late for her recovery.

Her father had idolized his only child. "What," he cried, "are to me large profits and a daily extending business?" He died also.

For the medicine he made and sold was not intended for a mind diseased. No! It was suited to fever and agur, and that not 'Agar of the desert, but of the low countries. The formula or recipe died with him. Whole nations sickened and shook, and there was for them no "Ready Remedy." They took to their beds, and the price of feathers and of mattresses rose.

These nations were wheat-producing nations. For want of the "Ready Remedy," they produced no wheat that year, and many other nations were obliged to eat potatoes.

These nations produced beef. In their agonies of hunger they ate it all, and sold none, save enough calves' feet for jelly for one empress.

All the people of Africa, south of a line drawn north-west through the Victoria Nyanza, had dug the chogga root, used by Mr. Buchu for the "Ready Remedy." All these people perished; so that they are now omitted from the geographies and the maps.

Such were the fatal consequences of the unadvised laughter of a girl not totally depraved.

[An interval of seven months and two years.]

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER III.

Other winters came on. George Prendergast again slipped on the ice. As he rises, in pain as before, behold a school-girl, with a golden chinchilla muff, rushes forward with an aspect of sincere grief, to render assistance! She drops her books!

[An interval of one half second.]

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER IV.

"Are you, then, much injured?" said this Saxon Hebe to Mr. G. Prendergast, whom we were obliged to leave upon the ground. Mr. Prendergast, at the moment, was not able to speak, all the extensor muscles of his frame being paralyzed for some minutes. "Hebe" brought him water from a rill, otherwise called the fountain, by Blackstone Square, applied cologne, furnished by Mr. Noyes, and put thieves' vinegar to his nose.

Soon he recovered. First he winked. Then he sneezed. Then, with ten successive titillations, his fingers and his thumbs came to new consciousness.

"Is this real?" said he, "or am I in a dream?"

"'Deed! I don't know," said the Hebe.

"You speak," said he. "Then I still live."

Cheered and refreshed by the ministrations of the unknown, George Prendergast recovered. He went at once to his work at the office of the *Globe*.

His duty was to insert the arrival of the "Petrel" at Singapore.

That duty he did.

"Ha!" said Mr. Wilmarth, the next morning, "the 'Petrel' is in! Had I not known it, I should have sold the 'Storm-bird.'"

He did not sell her. He sent her to Japan. She took the news of the Czar's recovery.

It came just in time to relieve Admiral Orloff.

He returned home overland. He entered into partnership with the Flynns.

They built six steam-launches for navigating the two Nyanzas.

All the launches arrived in time for the rainy season. All made good voyages. Trade revived. The chogga root was cultivated by settlers of a higher race. New nations appear on new maps. All this welfare and success came from the ministry of an unknown but lovely girl.

THE HOLY CHILD.

By Robert Collyer.

THE HOLY CHILD.

I REMEMBER once when my people let me go on a summer vacation, I was invited by a friend to go a fishing. It was the first time in my life I ever went on such an errand, after the days when I used to make my own hook out of a pin; and I am not going to tell what success I had, because there are some things about which it is always best to be silent. I need only say that I came back quite content to be a fisher of men. But I remember one day my friend said, "We will go after trout; there is a clear, swift stream in the heart of those woods, where we are sure to have good sport." If he had spoken of the first person singular, he would have told the truth. I only remember the day as one of a singular and peculiar torment, in which I thought I realized, for the first time in my life, why the old Assyrians should have called Beelzebub the God of

flies. It was a sweltering August day; there was not a breath of air to shake the leaves of an aspen, and black flies that would have roused an army. All this I remember, and then this: that, in plunging along the stream, through a sort of evil marsh, I came at last to a little space of green sward — a rood or so — clear of trees, where a tree had some time fallen down toward the river. It was full of decay, — little more than a lump of brown earth. The water washed it, and dashed the spray over the upper surface; and there, in a crevice, I found a flower, just one blossom, — a sort of blue bell, I think, — with a color like heaven, and a beauty to make a man thank God. It shone in the sun like a sapphire. I could not resist the temptation which came over me to reach out, at some risk, and pluck the bonnie waif of the wilderness; and it was as sweet as it was beautiful, with that shy aroma you must catch on the wing, or it will elude you like the vision of an angel, or the haunting of an exquisite thought. My friend caught his fish; I caught my flower. It is ten years ago, I think, this summer. The black flies are now a dim memory, and the hot day, and the marsh; but I can see that flower, as I saw it then, a thing of

beauty and a joy forever. Its color stays with me, and its form, — more wonderfully beautiful than any antique vase, — its sweetness, and its loneliness, growing there all by itself in the wilderness, as if it were blessing enough simply to bless a world that cared no more for its worth than the desert cares for the diamond.

And so as I have thought of my flower these many years, it has grown upon me for an image of something we find now and then in this human life. There are men and women who seem to me to be like that pure treasure of beauty and goodness in the wild, grim woods. They hold in their nature a grace so far above their condition that you wonder, when you see them, how they have managed to attain to this perfection, and then to hold on to it with such a sweet humility. They seem to touch that old mystery our Bible tells of about Melchisedec being without father and mother, and without descent; and you can only account for them when you say, with Paul, it is the gift of God. It would not seem so strange to see them in some place where all things work together to make such a being; but to see them there seems like a miracle. They surprise us as my blue bell surprised me in the wilderness of

Michigan, and as that bush, laden with ripe currants, surprised Robert Kennicott, one weary day, close upon the Arctic circle, when, as he told me, they had been stumbling all day in a desert of black rock and sand. I had a friend once — a mighty Calvinist — who used to fall into trouble sometimes, when his heart would swell so big with the hope for humanity that his creed would crack like the green withes they bound about Samson; and then he would say, "I tell thee, lad, the Lord has his hidden ones, and my poor old father was one of them. He did not believe much. He could not say he had ever been in grace, or believe he had, and he used to fall asleep reading his Bible; but a better man, except for that, I never knew in my life. And I tell thee, I believe he has gone to glory." It was a flash out of my old friend's heart into this wonder of a goodness for which he could give no account, — a grace that would fit into no doctrinal terms he knew of, — an election outside all the standards, — a flower that had no business to grow there, and come to that perfection, if the waters of life never brimmed over our boundaries. And I have heard gardeners say that this is their experience with plants. They will sow a thousand seeds,

watch and tend them all alike, and give them an equal chance. But a day comes when one plant in the thousand arrests them; there is a wonder in it, of shape or color, they never noticed before. In the seed they saw no difference, or the soil, or the culture; and they cannot account for the thing, except by saying that somehow it has treasured a power the others have missed. Let that be as it may, there the plant stands in its own separate and singular excellence, justified and glorified by its worth.

And I notice that this is true also of children. Now and then, here and there, one in ten thousand rises from the ranks and fills the world with wonder. A Whittier or a Greeley in the harsh, forbidding uplands of New Hampshire; an Ebenezer Elliott, or a James Montgomery, in the five century smoke of Sheffield. When we attempt to account for them, we tell about a steadfast father and a tender, deep-hearted mother; but we forget that ten thousand steadfast fathers and deep-hearted mothers raised children with an equal care to fill the ranks and do the ordinary work of the world, — only this one child makes their place like Bethlehem; and they can no more account for

him than they can account for the sun in the sky. There he is, and that is about all we can say about him, standing as my blue bell stood, and as these plants stand in the garden ; singular, separate, *not* to be accounted for, except we say it is the gift of God.

And you gain nothing by questioning the possessors of these natures, and so trying to find how they came to do the things that give them the right to their great place. Humanly speaking, they are quite as unconscious how it all came about as my flower was. What they can tell you is that the spirit is in them to will and to do of its good pleasure, and they simply obey the spirit ; but beyond that they can tell you nothing. If they are poets, they *must* sing ; inventors, they *must* contrive ; if they are preachers, they *must* be heard ; and if they are soldiers, they *must* fight. When their time comes, they must all be what they are ; and so far as they are more than their fellows is not of works, — it is a gift outside all personal merit. Genius may be, as one says, the power to kindle your own fire ; or, as another says, the power to do the intensest work. It may possibly and probably be both together ; but the power out of which that power came is the

mystery, of which they can give no account. And so of all men and women you meet: these greatest and finest natures are the most simple and humble in their estimate of their own powers and possessions. Other people have to tell them what they are worth, or they would never suspect it. I suppose if Paul could come back to this world, and read what has been written about him, he would be more astonished at his own religious genius than ever Luther was, or any other man who has got to the intimate heart of his power.

This self-consciousness, indeed, is almost always in the inverse ratio of any thing to be conscious about, so that you will be sure to find a writer of doggerel prouder of his lines than a noble poet, and a mere spouter preferring his periods to those of the true orator. And I do not think this is a thing to laugh at when the poor man carries himself modestly. It seems to me to be that sweet endeavor we see in mothers who try to make their least gifted children believe they are as good and clever as their companions if they will only think so. "Brother Hemmingway," Dr. Dean of Portland said once, "the ferryman had no idea you were a clergyman: now I always go

to the conference in my wig." "Precisely, Dr. Dean," the good man replied: "you do right, and you have Scripture for it; for does not Paul say we shall bestow more abundant honor on the part which lacketh?"

Only one thing more is to be noticed in this word about the elect and precious; and that is, they are there where they are wanted to do the work they are sent to do. My blue bell was out there on the root of the old tree, ready to touch a human soul with a new sense of beauty and goodness, and to grow after ten years into such a thought as is possible to me on the gift of God. Once there was such a flower in Africa when a traveller lay down to die. It said to him, "Get up, man, and try again: if I can live *in* this desert, you can live *through* it." So he got up and went on, and became one of the men who give us the keys of a continent. A thousand flowers bloomed in England, and got into the heart of a man who must put them in a book. That book got into the hands of a young man who was taking to drink. It entranced him so that he felt a divine intoxication take the place of the infernal, drank at the wells of salvation, and grew to be that Ebenezer Elliott I have mentioned who wrote the

free-trade ballads which went into the heart of the people, and did as much to break down the wicked corn law monopoly as Cobden or Bright. So as it is with nature it is with man. When the time comes, the man comes; and he is exactly the man for the time. That truth must be told, — he tells it. That work must be done, — he does it. That revelation must be made, — he makes it. That nation must be saved, — he saves it. That faith must be planted, — he plants it. The Norseman eight hundred years ago comes to Rhode Island: but it is no matter; the hour has not come; the time is not ripe. It would not be a New World then, but the Old World over again. Four hundred years pass, the clock strikes the hour, and then a man thinks by day and dreams by night, and goes out, not knowing whither he went, only sure of his divine commission, and discovers America. Ambitious men follow in his track, seeking gold or power or fame: their work comes to nothing. A handful of men come seeking a simple manhood, self-government, room for their faith; and that handful of men usher in a new time, holding in its hands the keys of a new heaven and a new earth. One man is wanted to be equal to the demands

of a revolution which will transform the colonies into a nation. His mother wants to make him a midshipman under the old flag. She sets her heart on it; and he is a good, obedient boy, but that will not be possible. The boy grows to be a man, and the man is Washington. Take any other boy, but not this boy. It is settled in the quiet order: we cannot touch that. This is to be the man America needs for her transformation. Always and everywhere there is a man for the time, and a time for the man who has to do a separate and singular work. These high souls are all without father and mother, and without descent. They are predestined, — called, justified, and glorified from the foundation of the world.

"BABY TROLL."

By H. P. C.

TWO dimpled hands, two dainty feet,
A head of golden hair;
God keep my darling free from sin,
Shield her from too much care.

Two eyes of blue, a form divine
As human form can be;
Through life, dear one, thy love entwine
About me loyally.

My child, thy little hands employ
In kindly acts of love;
So that this life know no alloy,
Thy deeds be known above.

So shall thy feet not turn aside
From pastures green and fair;
The angels garlands will provide
To deck the golden hair.

Too much of love cannot be given;
God counts each falling tear;
Each kiss is registered in heaven,
In prayer the Lord is near.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

By E. P. Whipple.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

(*From a College Address.*)

THE desire, the duty, the necessity of the age in which we live is education, or that culture which develops, enlarges, and enriches each individual intelligence according to the measure of its capacity, by familiarizing it with the facts and laws of nature and human life. But, in this rage for information, we too often overlook the mental constitution of the being we would inform, — detaching the apprehensive from the active powers, weakening character by overloading memory, and reaping a harvest of imbeciles after we may have flattered ourselves we had sown a crop of geniuses. No person can be called educated until he has organized his knowledge into faculty, and can wield it as a weapon. It is evident that, when a young man leaves his school or college to take his place in the world, it is indispensable

that he *be* something as well as *know* something; and it will require but little experience to demonstrate to him that what he really knows is little more than what he really is, and that his progress in intellectual manhood is not more determined by the information he retains, than by that portion which, by a benign provision of Providence, he is enabled to forget. Youth, to be sure, is his, — youth, in virtue of which he is free of the universe, — youth, with its elastic vigor, its far-darting hopes, its generous impatience of prudent meanness, its grand denial of instituted falsehood, its beautiful contempt of accredited baseness, — but youth which must now concentrate its wayward energies, which must discourse with facts and grapple with men, and through strife and struggle, and the sad wisdom of experience, must pass from the vague delights of generous impulses to the assured joy of manly principles. The moment he comes in contact with the stern and stubborn realities which frown on his entrance into practical life, he will find that power is the soul of knowledge, and character the condition of intelligence. He will discover that intellectual success depends primarily on qualities which are not strictly intellectual, but personal and constitutional.

The test of success is influence; that is, the power of shaping events by informing, guiding, animating, controlling other minds. Whether this influence be exerted directly in the world of practical affairs, or indirectly in the world of ideas, its fundamental condition is still force of individual being; and the amount of influence is the measure of the degree of force, just as an effect measures a cause. The characteristic of intellect is insight, — insight into things and their relations; but then this insight is intense or languid, clear or confused, comprehensive or narrow, exactly in proportion to the weight and power of the individual who sees and combines. It is not so much the intellect that makes the man, as the man the intellect: in every act of earnest thinking, the reach of the thought depends on the pressure of the will; and we would therefore emphasize and enforce, as the primitive requirement of intellectual success, that discipline of the individual which develops dim tendencies into positive sentiments, sentiments into ideas, and ideas into abilities, — that discipline by which intellect is penetrated through and through with the qualities of manhood, and endowed with arms as well as eyes. This is Intellectual Character.

Now it should be thundered in the ears of every young man who has passed through that course of instruction ironically styled education, "What do you intend to be, and what do you intend to do? Do you purpose to play at living, or do you purpose to live? — to be a memory, a word-cistern, a feeble prater on illustrious themes, one of the world's thousand chatterers, or a will, a power, a man? No varnish and veneer of scholarship, no command of the tricks of logic and rhetoric, can ever make you a positive force in the world. Look around you in the community of educated men, and see how many, who started on their career with minds as bright and eager and hearts as hopeful as yours, have been mysteriously arrested in their growth, — have lost all the kindling sentiments which glorified their youthful studies, and dwindled into complacent echoes of surrounding mediocrity; have begun, indeed, to die on the very threshold of manhood, and stand in society as tombs rather than temples of immortal souls. See, too, the wide disconnection between knowledge and life; heaps of information piled upon little heads; everybody speaking, — few who have earned the right to speak; maxims enough to

regenerate a universe, — a woful lack of great hearts, in which reason, right, and truth, regal and militant, are fortified and encamped! Now this disposition to skulk the austere requirements of intellectual growth in an indolent surrender of the mind's power of self-direction must be overcome at the outset, or, in spite of your grand generalities, you will be at the mercy of every bullying lie, and strike your colors to every mean truism, and shape your life in accordance with every low motive which the strength of genuine wickedness or genuine stupidity can bring to bear upon you!" There is no escape from slavery, or the mere pretence of freedom, but in radical individual power; and all solid intellectual culture is simply the right development of individuality into its true intellectual form.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson & Son.

VARIEGATED LEAVES

A Book of Prose and Verse

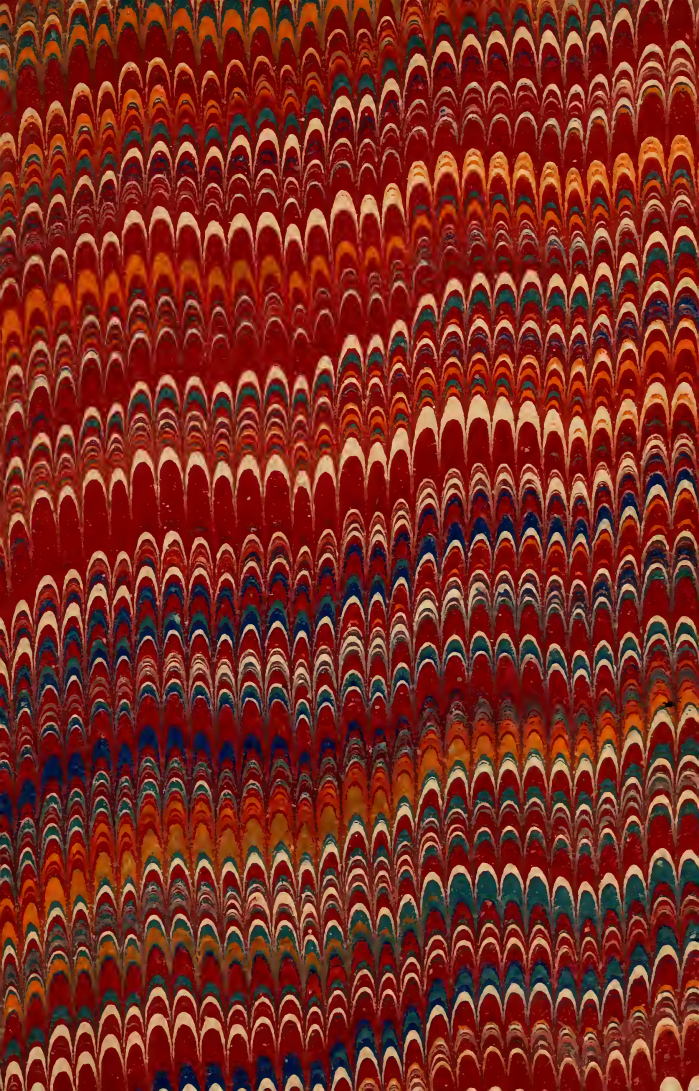
WRITTEN IN AID OF

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

BY

FRIENDS OF THE INSTITUTION

BOSTON
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON
1873



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 196 994 3